

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X--NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1883.

NEW SERIES--NUMBER 147.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, . . . Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, . . . Business Manager

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,
\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

Please don't send stamps in payment of subscription, except to make change, and then of donations not over three cents.

HIS LAST COURT.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar, with which his own hands he had made, and every evening just at a certain time he closed his books and went home. No man ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who lived even in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having once been summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of "Hard Justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of a law which he had made a study, and no man disputed him.

Recently a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer, as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a court much longer."

"I am not well to-day," said the judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases that you may have you will please despatch them to the best, and let me add, quickest of your ability."

Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense your honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I'm willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any ruling made by law can have but little effect on me," and she coughed a hollow, hacking cough, and drew around her an old black shawl she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was admired by all the gay society known in the neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life."

She coughed again, and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know this is the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said he should come no more I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride, and I loved him so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home—my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink.

He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was, 'I do not know you!' My husband died—yes, cursed God and died. Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy I went out into the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered, 'I know not those who disobey my commandments!' I turned away from that letter hardened. I spurned my teachings. Now I am here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said the lawyer, "he is dead!" The woman was his daughter.

Rather Mixed.

In an interview with a Cincinnati Penny Post reporter, Col. T. Z. Morrow, speaking of the republican gubernatorial candidates, says of Judge Denny:

"Well, Geo. Denny, jr., of Lancaster, has an itching for it, and he would make a very fair race. George is a Garrard county boy, and about 40 years old. He married a blue-grass girl, and first made his reputation as the most fearless and bitter prosecuting attorney ever seen in the 13th congressional district. Geo. Denny is one of the bravest men I ever saw. He is not afraid of a hell full of unchained devils, and he was a terror to all wrong-doers. He was attending court at Somerset once, and had prosecuted in his usual aggressive manner a vile and murderous little wretch named Weston McFerrin for some petty offense. McFerrin had killed four men. All the mountain tiger in the man was aroused, and he determined to make Denny his fifth victim. George was going to dinner, and had just stepped from the courthouse door when he heard stealthy foot-steps behind. Wheeling, he caught McFerrin with uplifted knife in his hand. Catching him by the throat and arm, Denny flung him on the ground and exclaimed: 'You d—d little viper, I have a notion to kill you.' Then he turned and walked away. Several years ago Sam Holmes, of Stanford, who belongs to one of the richest families in the State, got drunk, and when Sheriff Napier attempted to arrest him Holmes shot him dead, and then fled the country. After wandering in Europe for 10 years, Holmes came back home, was arrested, and had his trial. Sam was a remarkably handsome man—tall and slender, with beautiful brown eyes and a pale feminine face, but a fiend incarnate when aroused. The trial was the sensation of the day. The court-room at Somerset was filled with the toniest ladies and gentlemen. Curiosity was worked up to the highest pitch as to how Denny would prosecute Holmes. Denny is a great tall, deep-chested, curly-headed, bull-necked fellow, with a peculiar way of working his wide-open, wicked gray eyes and a voice like distant thunder. When he commenced talking there was a dead silence in the room. Gradually he warmed up. His broad bosom heaved, his big white hands were convulsively closed, and his voice began to tremble. Finally his dreadful passions seemed to completely master him. Completely writhing with rage he turned upon Holmes and almost shrieked: 'I am told that I will be intimidated, and perhaps shot if I go on in this prosecution!—that the Holmes gang will shoot me if he is convicted! Let them come on! Let them rally their cowardly gang of midnight cut-throats! I will prosecute the prisoner to the bitter, bloody end, though all the devils in hell oppose me!' At that moment, as he stood with blood-shot eyes, livid face, and froth issuing from his purple lips, and his form quivering with passion, he was the most superb specimen of physical manhood I ever saw. It was a dramatic moment. Mrs. Holmes almost fainted; her daughter's sob alone broke terrible silence, while the prisoner sat calmly, with a marble-like face and glittering eyes. The verdict of the jury was death, but a new trial and change of venue was obtained and Holmes was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was afterwards pardoned by Gov. Blackburn."

Her father stood at the gate talking with a gentleman, and the seven-year-old miss threw out several hints about supper being ready without success. At length, anxious and impatient, she called out from the side porch: "Papa, if you don't come right in to supper the ice-cream will all get cold."

How to Make a Good Wife.

Be attentive and courteous to her. Be cheerful when you enter your home.

Make her home as comfortable as your means will allow.

Be mindful of her if she has a particular hard day's work.

Do not sit silent all the evening absorbed in your book or newspaper.

Give her such means, for own and children's wardrobe, as you can afford.

Respectfully listen to her opinions, giving them such consideration as they deserve.

Give your family some of your attention. Tell them the amusing things that have brightened your day's labor.

Show your affection by quietly allotting to her the most comfortable seat at the fireside, the daintiest titbit at the table.

Speak kindly to your children.

Play or talk with them a few moments after supper. Interest yourself in your wife's employment. Encourage her when she is happy.

Give her means to repair the wear and tear of household effects. Woman is naturally ambitious and tasteful. Her good sense makes her economical. She will make the most of her means.

Never allow her to bring pails of water, bring hods of coal, or build furnace fires. You can do it with far less nervous power than she; the mother of your children needs all her vital energy in accomplishing those duties which she alone can perform.

Let her know by words and actions that she is appreciated, and you made happier that she walks by your side. Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips. Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.

Don't be afraid to praise the neat house door when he heard stealthy foot-steps behind. Wheeling, he caught McFerrin with uplifted knife in his hand. Catching him by the throat and arm, Denny flung him on the ground and exclaimed: 'You d—d little viper, I have a notion to kill you.'

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Let her walk by your side, your honored companion; your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied, lest she faint by the way.—[Gospel Banner.

The expenses of our government foot up nearly \$300,000,000 a year, and yet it is not in the line of republican policy to cut down expenses, which can only be done by ceasing to run the government as a partisan political machine and by cutting down the number of useless officials. The wonderful Indian policy of the republican party costs nearly \$10,000,000 a year and yet the frontier continues to be the scene of Indian atrocities. That party has distinctly refused to reduce expenses and has refused to abolish war taxes in time of peace. That is the republican record; it is bad enough.—[Courier-Journal.

The taste for frogs' legs is now rapidly spreading in this country, after a long period of comparative stagnation. One of the dealers in the country has set a hundred expert frog catchers at work in the New England States, and estimates that the demand this summer will be double that of last year. An experiment on breeding bullfrogs in England is about to be made, and considerable supply of spawn will be sent over for that purpose next month.

Bourbon county has in the last 50 years invested in turnpikes and bridges \$204,699, and now has 48 turnpikes, aggregating 221 miles in length. The county has received back over \$63,000 in dividends, but the greatest return has been in the increased wealth and consequently increased revenue-paying power of the people.—[Louisville Commercial.

A gentleman told Senator Hoar that a Boston clergyman had an idea of setting a day to offer up prayers for the conversion of Ben Butler. "If you have any influence with them," said the Senator excitedly, "pray exert it to prevent the consummation of their purpose. I want to go to heaven myself."

It is said to hear a religious society singing, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," when you reflect upon the lamentable fact that they have got so far as to be able to read a clear title to their church mansion on earth.—[Boston Trans.

Aunt Betty's "Simpsons."

The following perfectly probable if not verbatim report of an old negro woman's enumeration of her woes has gone the rounds of the press for months; but, as it has not appeared in the Journal, we insert as good, tho' old:

"My mis'ry, doctor, wuks right up from bofe my legs, an' up frough my stummick, an' den crost my bow'ls, all a shaky an' a wigwaggy! Den my right shoulder, doctor. Law sakes!!! Dat yer mis'ry in my right shoulder powful bad sometimes. Den I has shootin' pains all up an' down de spine av my back, dreaful! an' lumps in my flanks, an' a burnin' all over my right side, an' a roarin' yes, honey, a awful roarin' in my head, an' de bones all loose in my head. Den I has pains in bofe shoulders, an' my insides dey workin' jes' like maggots!! an' I has a draggin' in my stummick, an' my sistum very bad. Ef you believe me, doctor, dar's a patch of mis'ry in de small o' my back, an' when I stan' up 'pears like my insides dey stickin' to my spine! an' a wall'win in my haid, an' I done got no appetite ter eat, an' 'pears like every minit I gwine frow up my insides. I can't drink no fresh water; drinks all my water biled! In de night you can hear my head a roarin' an' buzzin', an' den my bow'ls gits to wukin' an' you kin hear 'em a crackin' an' a blabbin' an' dey all a shakin' an' a trimblin'. Den I has a hostness in de bone o' my neck; yes, doctor, right in de bone o' my neck, an' at fuss a pang riz right up acrost my neck, an' riz an' bust!!! I knowed it wa'n't a blood vessel, else I'd a died sho'!"

Big Feet.

Young Smith called on Miss Higginbottom a few nights ago and got very wet on his way to the young lady's residence. After he arrived, nothing must do but she must make a fire for him, and in spite of his protestations she soon had a roaring fire started. Drawing near it Mr. Smith poised one foot on the other in front of the blaze. For some moments not a word was spoken. Presently the young lady gently remarked: "Mr. Smith, please take down the blow; I think the fire has a good start." Down came the feet amid smiles from the girl. Smith don't go there any more.—[Georgia Major.

A REMEDY FOR THE CABBAGE WORM.—Take a half pound each of hard soap and kerosene oil in three gallons of water and apply with a small broom or sprinkler. An examination on the following day will show many if not all of the worms destroyed. The growing cabbage presents such a mass of leaves in which the caterpillars may be concealed that it is hardly possible to reach all the worms at one application. It is of importance, therefore, to repeat the use of any remedy at frequent intervals. Besides, the small cost of the material places it within reach of anybody.

"What puzzles me," said Biggs, "is how the Paxtons get along. What in time are you laughing at?" he added, seeing a smile on Fogg's face. "Nothing," replied Fogg, "only I was thinking how funny it was that Paxton should have made the same remark about you." "Oh he did, did he? I always thought Paxton was a meddlesome busybody. He'd better attend to his own affairs."

Among the notable things in Palatka, Fla., is the first Tangarine tree ever budded in Florida. The bud was received by Dr. Morange before the war, and from this comes all the kid glove oranges in that State. The trees can be seen in his grove, which is quite celebrated on that account. Jacob Becker, a Cincinnati laborer, who has been suffering from some unknown malady for seventeen years, has found relief through a powerful emetic, which caused him to throw up a snake eighteen inches long and five small lizards.

The managers of some of the railroads centering in Indianapolis have given orders that no unnecessary business shall be done on Sunday and no excursion train can be run on that day. Employees who wish to observe the Sabbath day can do so without imperiling their hold on their situations.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

A Florida man has grown a radish that was over two feet long, eighteen inches in diameter, and weighed 15 pounds; also a collard that measured four feet eight inches across the top.

Photography of the Human Gait.

That San Francisco photographer who made a hit by picturing the gait of a horse is going to open a gallery here in New York with the intention of bringing his row of cameras to bear upon all sorts of animals and things in motion. It struck me that the gait of a girl would be an interesting object for him to experiment on. Think of the infinite variety. Conceive the wide range from grace to awkwardness. Girls walk so differently and run with such original individuality, that no two pictures would be alike. There are some who tread like queens, with straight ankles and toes turned out. There are others whose knees interfere, and whose feet are lifted over each other at every step. Then what a field for that kind of photography the ball-room would afford! A quadrille would afford more curiosities of gait than all the trotting and running horses in the world; and as for the racket waltz, my imagination fails and my pen is paralyzed by the bare suggestion.—[Clara Belle.

A private letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis says: "I was born in what was then Christian county, Ky., for when Todd county was cut off of Christian the dividing line ran through my father's house, and the room in which I was born is, I have been told, in Todd county. My father was born in Georgia when it was a colony of Great Britain. His father was an immigrant from Wales, and his mother was a native of Georgia. My mother was a native of South Carolina, and her mother emigrated from Ireland."—[American Register.

The newspapers which gush over Phil. Thompson as the bravest of men, and "as gentle as a woman," and rely upon his heresy statements, ignore the fact that he shot Davis in the back while retreating, and Mrs. Thompson's positive and reiterated declaration that she is guiltless of the great crime charged against her.—[Covington Commonwealth.

TO CURE CHICKENS OF GAPES.—Take a stiff horse hair and double and twist it, leaving a small loop at the end; place the end of the third finger on the tongue and run the hair down the windpipe, twisting it at the same time; afterwards drop a little whisky and water down the throat to revive the chick.

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles.

is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectorant for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Alexander Plummer, of Bloomfield, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expectorant the best cough remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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A GENTLEMAN who had a conversation with Gov. Blackburn, tells us that as much as he has used the pardon machine, he intends to give greater surprise to the natives in the four months left him to pardon. He says he knows his successor will be rather chary for a while in that line, so he will make a personal inspection of every convict and the charge against him between now and September and extend clemency in every case he thinks deserves it. The old fellow seems to have "gone daft" on the convict business. He made a long and silly speech at Richmond last week, the entire burden of which was about his pets. Speaking of it the Register says: "Governor Blackburn is growing foolishly philanthropic about the convicts. His morbid desire for their comfort is becoming silly, and his threats of releasing them from imprisonment will work much injury to the good of the Commonwealth. It certainly is true, that the juries of the country that try and convict the criminals arrested are better acquainted with the facts in the different cases, and the characters of the criminals, than the Governor, and when they solemnly declare on their oaths, that parties are guilty, and sentence them to the penitentiary for a term of years, the Governor should use the pardoning power with great caution. Blackburn has become a crazy philanthropist, and his talk about the poor convicts and their sufferings is simply twaddle."

JUDGE OWSLEY told a C.J. reporter that "on the first ballot I will have 100 votes at the very lowest. I may get a good deal more than that, but I am confident that I will get no less. You can say that the confidence expressed in me by my home district does me more good than the Governorship would without it. They have known me for years, and the expression of their confidence is a rebuke to much that has been said and written about me. I am in the fight to stay, and expect to win."

NEARLY every paper of any standing in Kentucky has expressed itself against the *Courier-Journal's* attempt to justify the murder of Davis. They with one accord condemn the act and express themselves against any man taking the law in his own hands. There are a few alleged papers, however, which are in the habit of sneering every time the C.J. takes snuff and they sneeze as usual this time.

THE meanest thing attempted by the counsel for Thompson is the effort to prove that he acted in self-defense. It hardly looks like he was in danger of great bodily harm when we remember that the victim was shot in the back of the head as he retreated from his antagonist. The emotional insanity plea too, is decidedly thin. That kind of insanity does not last five months nor five days.

COT. JONES says if he is nominated that he will carry the State by 80,000 majority, the same Gov. Stevenson received. He seems confident that he will be chosen but thinks there will be a great many ballots before the result will be reached, for at least before a resolution will be adopted to drop the hindmost candidate.

WARREN county democrats named 147 of their number to go to Louisville to cast her 11 votes. At this rate it would take 9,942 delegates to cast the 744 votes of the State, and all out doors would hardly hold them. It is expected that fully 3,000 people, however, will be drawn to Louisville by the Convention.

THE hosts are already gathering in Louisville and the Convention, which meets to-morrow, promises to be one of the most exciting in the history of the State. It is more than probable that the Convention will remain in session the balance of the week.

JOE BLACKBURN says he is a candidate for U. S. Senator to succeed Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams. Of course he is, and for every other good office in sight. He would no doubt like to hold a half dozen at once.

THE Catlettsburg Democrat says that Knott or Owsley will be chosen as the democratic candidate for Governor. We would be satisfied with either, but extremely happy should the latter be chosen.

WARD McCONKEY, hanged at Pittsburg, last Friday for murder, died laughing, literally choked to death with laughter. Come to think of it, it was a pretty good joke on him.

MRS. LANGTRY has finished her engagements in this country and will sail for home in June. Her receipts were \$261,452, a good deal to pay for the sight of a pretty woman in this land of pretty women. She is perfectly welcome, however, to the \$2 we contributed to the amount, although we saw her under the disadvantage of improvised lights, in the absence of gas, during the flood at Cincinnati. She is a woman of such decided attractiveness both of face and figure that the eye never tires in gazing upon her.

The oldest living graduate of West Point Military Academy is ex-Gov. Joshua Baker, of Louisiana, who graduated in 1818, when 24 years old, and who served on Jackson's staff at New Orleans in 1815.

A Chattahoochee county (Ga.) housewife washed the dishes, set the table for supper, wrote a letter disposing of her effects, swallowed a dose of morphine and went to bed and died.

Escaping convicts in Arkansas, pursued by bloodhounds, caught the dogs and hanged them to a tree. Others were obtained and the fugitives captured.

THE *Three Forks Enterprise* is the latest journalistic venture. It is published by S. K. Ramey at Beattyville, and we hope to see it grow and prosper.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Failures last week, 156.

—A railroad war has put the fare from Louisville to Chicago to \$2.

—The Pharmaceutical Association will meet at Lexington, May 22.

—Ten buildings at Louisville, Ky., were burned Sunday. Loss \$10,000.

—The ten-mile bicycle race at St. Louis was won in thirty-three minutes.

—During the month of April 78,475 immigrants arrived in this country.

—Ex-Speaker Owens is a candidate for reelection as Speaker of the Kentucky House.

—A player cleaned a Lexington farm bank of \$4,000 and caused it to put up its shutters.

—But ten days are left till Craft must hang and yet the Court of Appeals has not been heard from.

—It is claimed that the Attorney General will decide that under the tariff act banks will pay no taxes.

—Three of the Arkansas train robbers, on trial at Clarksville, have been convicted of murder in the first degree.

—Five murderers at various points in the United States, went through to glory by the Hempden Line Friday.

—On the third trial Timothy Kelly was convicted as a Phoenix Park murderer and is sentenced to be hanged June 9th.

—Andy Taylor, one of the murderers of Sheriff Tate and Conway, was sentenced to be hanged at London, Tenn. Good.

—Jefferson county held her meeting Saturday and instructed for Jacob for Governor and R. A. Jones for Attorney General.

—Gov. McDaniel, Georgia's new Governor, is being criticised for appointing his cousin, H. E. Palmer, his private secretary.

—Thomas Jones was sentenced at Owen to fifteen years in the penitentiary for the killing of Ben Bromley in February, 1882.

—A horrible blunder is reported from a St. Louis hospital which resulted in the death by poison of two men and narrow escape of a third.

—Two brothers named Reeves quarreled near Paris over the proper handling of a corn-planter, and one of them shot the other, probably fatally.

—Three distinct tornadoes struck Kansas City Sunday, the last of which was very disastrous, causing the loss of over \$300,000 worth of property.

—The railroads have fixed a rate of \$75 for the round trip from the Missouri River to San Francisco to Knight Templars attending the Triennial Conclave.

—The man Conners, who shot two men dead and stabbed two others during a drunken quarrel at Glenmar, Tenn., was hung Saturday night by colored miners.

—Gen. Grant's mother died Friday, aged 85, at Jersey City. Grant, unlike Garfield, never made any reputation for being especially devoted to the woman who bore him.

—DeBennville Randolph Keim has resigned his connection with the Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, rather than further embarrass that already heavily-handicapped body.

—Mrs. Theresa Fair, at Virginia City, Nev., has been granted a divorce from her husband, Senator J. G. Fair, with \$4,250,000 alimony in money and bonds, the residence at San Francisco and the custody of the three youngest children.

—Lightning struck a tank of oil in the works of Standard Oil Company at Jersey City, N. J., causing immediate destruction of the property. Six firemen are supposed to be burned to death by an exploding tank. The loss will exceed \$1,500,000. Twelve large tanks, eighteen cars, six barges, a dredger, three docks and five brick buildings were destroyed.

—The Supreme Lodge of Knights of Honor, in session at Galveston, re-elected the following Supreme officers: Dictator, R. H. Cochran, West Virginia; Vice Dictator, F. K. Ireland, Nebraska; Reporter, B. T. Nelson, Ohio; Treasurer, R. J. Breckinridge, Kentucky; Chaplain, G. W. Holland, South Carolina; Guide, E. J. Davenport, Minnesota; Guardian, P. C. Carlton, North Carolina; Sentinel, Louis Wilson, Ohio.

—Thus far in 1883, the construction of new railway reported in advance of any former year, with the exception of 1881, when the new track laid for the corresponding period was 48 miles only in excess of the current year. According to the reports received by the *Railroad Gazette* since January 1, there has been laid 1,316 miles of new track, against 1,018 miles during the corresponding period in 1882; 1,264 miles in 1881 and 493 miles in 1880.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Hard at it in Hoxton Hall.

The Soul of the Briton as Easy to Save as the American.

Getting Best Kentucky Wages in Old England.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. C. April 23, '83.

I write once more, and at last, in the midst of a successful meeting. Ten days' work in Hoxton Hall, with the same results as in dear old Kentucky in the palm days. The precious gospel of the grace of God has again approved itself as the "power of God unto salvation," and the question of the adaptation of the gospel I preach to the wants of the American and Briton alike, is practically settled. The sneer, so often hurled in latter days, that the successful march over Kentucky soil was owing to local and peculiar circumstances and not to the intrinsic merits of my gospel, ought to cease (only it will not; I know the devil too well for that) now that 3,000 miles away from my "native heath," and with nothing but the blessedness of my message to commend me to the people, ten days' preaching has brought souls to the dear Savior. How plain it is that the crying want of every human heart is met in this cheap and easy salvation the LORD has given me to proclaim.

It will be remembered that our first service in Hoxton Hall was on the night of Sunday, the 8th inst., when 44 souls confessed Jesus in the simple way customary at our meetings. Then, owing to previous engagements, and other reasons, it was not found feasible to begin regular services until Tuesday night, the 17th. Starting in on a week day after a ten days' disappearance from my audience was not a propitious commencement, humbly speaking, but the attendance was a fair one and 9 dear souls came to Jesus. You may be sure I did not omit to note the 33 of the "Great Number."

Before we left the U. S. we had learned a very spirited tune to the hymn beginning "I left it all with Jesus," and we have adopted it as our rallying song. The first time I heard Mr. Stebbins sing it at one of Mr. Pentecost's meetings in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, I was impressed with its value as a rallying gospel banner call; and then need it at the Music Hall in our meetings in that city, and we began with it here at once. It was new to the people and they took to it with enthusiasm. In ten minutes we were in rapport with our audience and have been so ever since. The Brazen Serpent was the theme of this first night's discourse.

Wednesday night, 18th.—Preached on the BLOOD—Ex. xii, and 17 confessions followed. The interest manifestly deepening and numbers in attendance increasing. Lots of the men did not remove their hats and they applauded Marie's solo until asked not to manifest their approval in that way. The Britons are great applauders when pleased and clap hands vigorously on the least occasion, if encouraged. Every thing very respectful though, and we have not yet had the least disorder of an ugly sort, though Hoxton Hall is in a rough centre and there are no rougher men in London than some who have been to the meetings, Bro. Noble tells me.

Thursday night, 19th.—A fair attendance and 7 confessions. A popular choir meeting going on in the basement Hall at the same time rather thinned our congregation, but we had a blessed time, preaching from John xii. I had my text from a man in the gallery who repeated in a very emphatic voice and marked manner "strive to enter into the straight gate." &c. Bro. Noble has a good fashion of having passages of scripture repeated at will by any one in the congregation who desires to give a verse. On this occasion I noticed that the run of the verses were all in opposition to my gospel and especially pugnacious was the manner of the brother above mentioned; so I took his text as the basis of my remarks. The LORD gave full liberty in answering objections and before I was through I took occasion to reprove the controversial Christians, who come bristling with theology and opposition when they ought to be absorbed in the one work of saving lost souls. I suggested that in the future when they repeated verses they would not make the precious word of God a "talking horse" for the ventilation of their opposition; to me, but repeat some text that would encourage and comfort a poor sinner instead of maddening him; since which I have had no trouble. All the verses run one way now, and controversy is relegated to the shades, whence it came. Here, as everywhere, I am sorry to say, the gospel only meets with opposition from pugnacious sinners. The dear sinners are glad enough to hear it. As of old, "the common people" hear gladly. At night 55 confessions of the dear name followed the sermon and singing. Another decisive victory for Jesus! The house was quite full. The morning service was another experiment, to which I gladly consented. Praise the LORD for the result.

Friday night, 20th.—Was also a memorable time. It is the custom in Hoxton Hall to devote Friday night to "Praise, Prayer and Testimony," and when we went down we found the little organ in the middle of the "Pit" instead of on the stage. We fell in with the "order of exercises," which no one in this blessed, conservative country ever seems to think of varying or omitting, and waited for an opportunity to preach the word. It came and "on this wise." While testimonies were being given, a plain-looking laboring man, but intelligent in look and speech withal, rose to say that "he wanted to be saved, was willing to be saved and looked only to Jesus as his Savior, but he knew that he was not saved. But he was resolved to persevere until he felt that he was saved by the blood of Jesus." The old muddle, in short. This gave me my text and an opportunity to plunge, *medias res*, into what is peculiarly my gospel. This awakened resentment in some; one woman, very red in the face, spoke right out, in opposition; others looked strong, resentment; and several walked indignantly out. The

devil fairly raged, friends looked wild and scared and for a time it looked like a regular "smash up." The LORD kept me in "perfect peace," knowing I was in the right; and when, after my sermon, 27 confessed the dear Name of Jesus—some of them very notable cases—and these were followed by the 29th in the person of my text man declaring himself saved forever by grace, the tide of battle turned and "the red field was won." Praise the LORD for giving the victory. It was the Crecy of the Hoxton Hall meeting—victory over fearful odds.

Saturday night, 21st.—A Saturday night meeting in Hoxton was unknown; but Bro. Noble told me I could have the Hall if I wished to try the experiment. I gladly accepted and the result was gloriously successful. I preached on the Prodigal Son, and there was a good deal of "strong meat" in the sermon, but the last night's triumph for Jesus, told on the audience of this, and they all stood it well; 21 precious souls were the harvest, with a splendid congregation. The brethren "took a note of it" for future reference, that Hoxton would turn out a little better Saturday night than any other, if interested.

Sunday 22d.—Being my 56th birthday, the dear LORD gave a birthday gift in the shape of blessed wages, if the terms be not contradictory. We had two services. In the morning at 11 and at 7 o'clock at night. London sleeps heavily and late on Sunday. Thank God there is a day of rest for the overworked millions of this great city. The morning service therefore was thinly attended. The organ again brought down to the "Pit." A lot of little fellows from the morning Sunday-school, fringing the front seats, helped out our congregation wonderfully. I preached a sermon on child's and half grown folk's, from our Father, and the LORD gave full blessing in results; 30 confessed Jesus—about twenty of these children and three more babies. The grown people were much affected by the bold confessions of these little darlings, having never seen it in this fashion before.

Monday night, 23d.—Had long before been appointed as a night for Bro. Noble to repeat Gough's oration on the "Power of Habit." He has an amazing memory and he did this *verbatim* with Gough's tone and gestures thrown in, in a very wonderful manner. I gave a little talk after the lecture, but no chance to draw the net for souls, as it was a temperance meeting strictly. Many signed the pledge though, and put on the blue ribbon.

Tuesday night, 24th.—The gospel, pure and simple, again to the front. A good meeting and the LORD gave liberty in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus; 27 confessed the Savior.

Wednesday night, 25th.—This was a meeting "for men only," as Sister Noble had a meeting by long previous appointment in the lower Hall for "women only." A good time at both places; Marie doing service in both Halls; 21 dear souls came to the call of Jesus.

Thursday night, 26th.—Preached on Zaccheus—Luke xix, to a fair congregation, despite a rainy night; 17 confessions.

Friday night, 27th.—This was another Praise, Prayer and Testimony meeting, and greatly blessed. One brother who discovered that he was saved last Friday gave joyful testimony of continuous blessing, thrilling all hearts to hear him. I talked again on our Father and 20 souls responded in confession of the SON.

Add these scattered items, now, dear reader, and you will find that in 11 days the LORD has given 296 souls, which is quite up to the Kentucky mark and average. PRAISE THE LORD.

No one can tell how glad we are to get to work again. Marie, dear child, had longer waiting than I, for I could not get her in at the first meetings where I opened my mouth, but in Hoxton she has had full swing and is very popular. Most of the confessions come after her touching little solos. Many of her songs are quite new here, we are surprised to find, and "take" wonderfully. Praise the LORD for using singer and preacher.

We are all well and happy. Letters from across the water come in regularly and delightfully. Weather still cool. We had quite a fall of snow on my birthday, and a heavier one on the next day.

Dr. Stoddard is quite well again. He is just back from Paris, where he spent a week, and sails in the "Egypt" from Liverpool on the 9th prox. for New York.

Our faces are *eternally* "till Jesus comes." "Light is from the East" as many know. Pray for us. Ever in HIM,

GEORGE O. BARNES.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by John B. Fish.

—Farmers are about done planting corn in this vicinity; some of it is coming up and looks well. Some complaints are being made about the dry weather.

—Sam Thomas, colored, was tried and acquitted Saturday for shooting a little colored boy on Roundstone a few days ago. The evidence shows the shooting to have been accidental.

—Sam Roberts and Riley Jordan, the two witnesses who were accused of being hired to stay away from the trial in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Hardbarger, were arrested and put in jail last week. The magistrates have set the trial for the 28th inst.

—William Dunigan, the man accused of murdering Nancy Jane Bryant on the 6th of last April, was arrested near St. Paul, Madison county, Ark., on the 3d inst., and brought back here Saturday. There is great excitement about this case and threats have been openly made against him.

—Mary L. Fish, daughter of W. M. Fish, Circuit Clerk, died Saturday. Her funeral was preached by Eld. Jas. Chestnut in the graveyard Sunday at 2 o'clock. A large number of friends of the deceased attended the funeral. Little Willie Myers, son of Frank Myers, died and was buried on the 6th day of the month.

—A Mexican stabbed by a countryman near Salado, Texas, draws the knife from the wound and stabbing his assailant, both die.

—Messrs. Francis & Sevier, of the Kingston neighborhood, bought last week 750 lambs for July delivery at 4¢ and 5¢.

—[Richmond Register.]

Garrard County

DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—Miss Allie Dunn, of Richmond, was visiting friends in this place last week.

—The Board of Trustees have appointed Wm. Loyd Town Marshal; Jack Grimes will act as deputy.

—The Garrard delegation to the Louisville Convention leave for Louisville today. The headquarters of the delegation and of Judge Owsley will be at the Louisville hotel.

—The Rev. Dr. Clelland, of Lebanon, preached at the Presbyterian church, this place, Sunday morning and night. The Rev. T. B. Fuller, of Georgia, preached at the Baptist church Sunday.

—Geo. T. Higginbotham sold to E. Best 20 head of two-year-old cattle for October delivery at 5 cents per hundred, also 40 ewes and 37 lambs to be delivered now at \$225; 42 yearling cattle at \$30 per head, and 5 sows with thirty-nine pigs about 4 weeks old for \$210.

—The delegates from the various precincts in this county were all instructed to cast their votes at the Stanford Convention to nominate a candidate for State Senator, to be held the 23d inst., for Major F. D. Rigney, of Casey county. Judge Hansford didn't materialize, though he had quite a considerable following in the county.

—At the ringing of the bell, at 2 p. m., Saturday, 12th inst., the democracy of Garrard county, of the third district, met numbering over 60, for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the Senatorial Convention held at Stanford, Ky., on the 22d of May. Joseph Robinson, temporary Chairman, opened the meeting. Dr. Jennings Price was then selected as permanent Chairman, and after a few brief remarks, but exceedingly appropriate and to the point, explaining the object of the meeting, the importance of the position of Senator, &c., took his seat. S. A. Walton, was then appointed Sec'y of the meeting. Upon motion W. G. Anderson, Jas. Griffin Hon. J. H. Bruce, were appointed a Committee to draft resolutions. The majority of the committee reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we the democracy of Garrard county, convened at the Court-house in district No. 3, in the town of Lancaster, on the 12th day of May '83, approve the Convention to be held as ordered, at Stanford, on the 22d day of May, to nominate a candidate for State Senator to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. R. Hain.

Resolved, That Major F. D. Rigney, of Casey county, is the choice of the democracy of district No. 3 for State Senator, a gentleman, whose record as a man of tried and sterling integrity, morals, sobriety, and also as a soldier and legislator is unassailable, we therefore recommend him to the voters of the 13th Senatorial District as being worthy of their confidence and support.

Resolved, That the following named persons are recommended to this meeting as delegates to represent district No. 3 in the District Convention ordered to be held at Stanford, on the 22d inst.: S. A. Walton, T. A. Elkin, Jas. Bland and B. F. Hudson. Alternates—Jas. Griffin, J. V. Cooke, Jas. B. Collier and Joel Walker—said delegates are hereby instructed to cast the vote of district No. 3 in the town of Lancaster, for Maj. F. D. Rigney for State Senator as a unit.

Resolved, That the Sec'y of this meeting is hereby requested to have published in the *Lancaster Journal*, Kentucky *Advocate* and all other democratic papers in the district the proceedings of this meeting.

A minority report was then made which was as follows:

Resolved, That the name of W. O. Hansford be substituted for the name of F. D. Rigney wherever it appears in the majority report.

The latter report being voted down, the majority report upon motion was then adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, LANCASTER, KY. Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 1 to 5 p. m.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. (154-177)

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

ATTENTION, LADIES!

Found at Last—Washing Made Easy!

—BY THE—New American Washing Machine

For sale by JAMES E. CROW, 140-1 Bussu Vista, Garrard County, Ky.

Landreth's

Garden

Seeds

In Bulk, and the

Nicest Line of

FURNITURE

In Lancaster and the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

Proprietors—

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

H. C. RUPLEY, MERCHANT TAILOR, Stanford, - - - - Kentucky,

HEADQUARTERS - - - - AT - - - - W. H. HIGGINS' - - - - FOR - - - -

Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes, Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts, Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Meikle and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

And the Best Pump in the Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tin-ware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire, Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

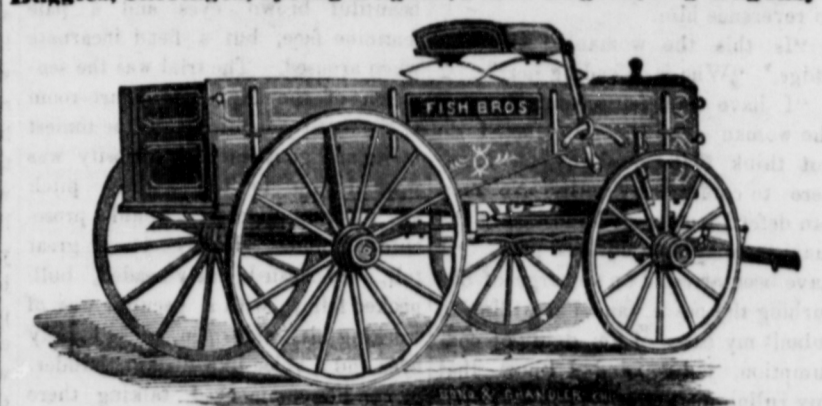
In order to get control of the best and most popular line of Agricultural Implements and Pleasure Vehicles, and also in order to enable me to purchase in such quantities as to obtain the largest discounts and lowest rates of freight, I have established branch Ware Rooms and Agents at Hustonville, Lancaster and Richmond, and under this arrangement, we feel sure we can offer the Farmers

Many Inducements Over the Majority of Dealers.

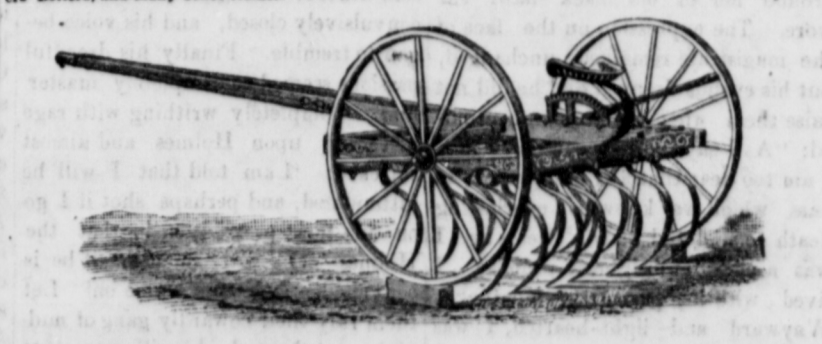
I keep on hand at all times at my several Ware Rooms a large stock of



Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,



Railroad Cars, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Bakes, Grain Drills, Broadcast Seeders, Sulkey Harrows, Sulkey Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Foot Cults, Corn Shellers, Farmers' Bolders, and many other items.



I am also prepared to furnish prices and estimates of all kinds of Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, Hay Presses, Straw Stackers, Wind Mills, Horse Powers, and various other kinds of machinery.

Parties in want of any goods in my line will lose nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



[Kalamazoo Spring Tooth Harrow.]

Takes handle Grain and Seeds of all kinds; also Hay and Wool.

[Moline Sulkey Plow.]

GEORGE D. WEAREN, Stanford.

GREEN & WILLIAMS, Managers Hustonville Depot

W. L. WITHERS, Manager Lancaster Depot

R. H. WEAREN, Manager Richmond Depot

(Corn Planter.)

AT LAST.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unnumbered spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.
Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its heart when its work is done.
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!
Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own upturning
The love which answers mine.
I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and to aid;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I seek,
No street of shining gold.
Refuse it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgotten through Thy sounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.
Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving
Cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expanse
The river of Thy peace.
There, from the music round about me stealing,
I find would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

COL. COYOTE CLARK.

When I told the officers of my church in that newest city of the Southwestern States that Mrs. Clark had called upon me with a view of joining our society, those officials were struck with dismay, for the Colonel had shot her former husband.
"I am glad to know her," I insisted.
"And you would like to have her husband, Coyote Clark, call, would you?" Mr. Jones asked it derisively, but I replied as promptly, "I will be glad to have him do so! He shall be welcome. That is what I am here for. It is the worst people who need me most."
"Do they?" Well, I am anxious to see what will come of it. Col. Coyote Clark! and Mr. Brown evidently coincided in the sarcastic exclamation of Mr. Jones. As soon as they were gone I planted the dreaded reprobate in imagination before me.
"It is plain," I said to myself, "that he is a large, red-faced, bushy-whiskered, boisterous man, a bully and a blackguard. Doubtless the sobriquet of Coyote, prairie fox, has come to and clings to him as naturally as the name of Bob, Tom, Bill to other men. I am not afraid of the ruffian," and if my fists did not instinctively clench themselves my manner became in anticipation frozen and defiant.
A few weeks afterward, and when I had forgotten the disreputable Colonel, there called upon me one afternoon a gentleman whom I knew at a glance to be a book or insurance agent. He was an undersized man, but well-formed and remarkably well-dressed, closely-shaven, and whose singularly youthful face was made more engaging by a pair of frank and laughing eyes. There was that in them which grasped me as cordially as did his hand, which I observed was as small and white as that of a lady, and which adhered to my own with a curious magnetic warmth. His voice, too, and whole bearing had such an innocent and childlike sincerity as won me at once. No one could be less intrusive or more respectable, and during our conversation upon general topics I observed that he listened more attentively to me, and with more than his eyes fastened upon mine. "I will subscribe for your book, whatever it is," I murmured to myself at last. "If he is an insurance agent how can I refuse to take out a policy?" But he only remarked as after a very pleasant visit he arose to leave, "I am pleased to know, sir, that my wife desires to unite with the church."
"Your wife," I stammered.
"Yes, sir," Mrs. Clark. My name is Col. Clark. I dare say," he added with the laugh of a school-boy, "that you have heard of me as Coyote Clark. That is only their fun. For although I am not myself a Christian, as I regret to say, no man, sir, has a deeper respect for religion," and his face had taken on the sincerest seriousness.
That was the way we began our more than mutual acquaintance. Every day I heard of some fresh rascality of my new friend. He was a gambler, was horribly profane when enraged, could become more thoroughly intoxicated overnight, and show less signs of it next morning than any other. When crossed in his plans he could and did kill his man without a symptom of regret for it afterward. It is absurd to suppose that I liked him notwithstanding all this because he named a race how he after me. It was a shame, but I did like him. Like most men I was born twins, not like Chang and Eng, for mine is the innermost duality of Jacob and Esau in eternal strife, and the hidden Esau in me, shocking as it is to confess, sprang forth to greet him every time we met, as we often did. It may have been because I had no intense a desire to save the man from himself and impending doom. "He is sure to be killed in the end," I urged upon myself; "he is apt to be shot down any moment; whatever he does I will not break with him—I will do my best to win him over."
He gave me every opportunity to do so. After a very long probation his wife became a member of my church. Not only was she a regular attendant, but she brought her husband with her. On gray-morning nights, when it was too cold or the rain was falling in torrents, whoever else was absent it was not Col. Coyote Clark nor his wife. Every child was in the Sunday school. During sermons the Colonel gave me his, if not

devout, at least undivided attention. I met a cordial reception when I visited at his house. I was a little surprised when, on calling one hot August evening, two or three of his youngest children raved in and out of the parlor as naked as the hour they were born, but they were very beautiful children, and were soon hustled off to bed; and the father sat listening for an hour after, and with sympathetic eyes, to all I could urge upon him as to a change of life.

As I knew at the outset, I cannot condense into limits so brief a tenth of what I would like to say of my friend. For, notwithstanding everything, I liked him; yes, and I like him to this hour! I recall the picnic dinner he gave to the Sunday school in the woods on a bright October day, the profuse generosity of the man, then as always, who for some occult reason wore a ruffled shirt and was apparently the ideal of a refined gentleman. We had to repress and refuse his pecuniary gifts to the church. I believe he would have built us a new edifice had we allowed it.
"And you still think you can make a Christian of him?" The question was continually dashed upon me like cold water, and from, it seemed to me, every quarter. "I can but try!" I always said so, but it was with a sinking heart. My friend seemed to belong to a wholly different species somehow, always so cordial, so attentive, so open to conviction, so frankly boyish and bright-faced, yet all along, as I could but know, the same unmitigated reprobate. Disasters befell him in quick succession. His house was burned down, but he tracked the incendiary, killed him, and was as cheerful as ever. His favorite son was blown up and burned to a crisp in his Christmas pyrotechnics. Another son, a handsome fellow, accidentally shot and killed a young negro with whom he was playing. A daughter not 15 was assisted out of a back window one night by a lad not much older, and eloped to be married by me some weeks after to her abductor. A third son not 10 years old had his clothes hidden while bathing in the river, and searched and found them only to take a small revolver out of the pockets, run, still naked, after his mischievous companion and dangerously wound him. Through everything Col. Coyote Clark remained, as far as I could see, the same pleasant-faced, sincere-spoken, innocent-mannered and hopelessly wicked desperado.
"Now, is there anything I can do for you?" he reined in his horse at my gate one morning to ask, looking the picture of a cavalier, for he was Captain of the Rangers, and was off on a scout after the Indians. I made a request, but forgot all about it until, months after, he stopped on his return at my gate to give me the ox-hide quiver full of arrows, the medicine bag and bow of a Comanche.
"He was a big chief," he said, "and I picked him off on purpose for you."
One morning, not long after, I saw him on the roof of a burning house helping to put out the flames at the peril of his life. The next day I heard the rapid cracking of revolvers down street. It was a little "difficulty" he was having, and I hastened past his dead enemy to find him dying on the sidewalk. His face brightened like that of a child when he saw me, and he gave me the same cordial and sympathetic attention as of old to all I had to say. I see his boyish and innocent-seeming face this moment, as smilingly unconscious of what concerned him most as a squirrel, without the faculty to care. "Anyhow, I fished him!" he laughed—and was dead.
But why is it that I liked him so much, so very much, more than I do people so very much better? Why, oh, why is it?—Our Continent.
A LONG LINEAGE.
A man applied to the Herald's College for a coat of arms, and was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular achievement. The man paused and considered, but could recollect nothing.
"Your father?" said the herald, aiding his memory, "your grandfather? Your great-grandfather?"
"No," returned the applicant. "I never knew that I had a great-grandfather or grandfather."
"Of yourself?" asked the creator of dignity.
"I know nothing remarkable of myself," returned the man, "only being looked up in Ludgate prison for debt. I found means to escape from an upper window; and that, you know, is no honor in a man's scutcheon."
"And how did you get down?" said the herald.
"Odd enough," retorted the man; "I procured a cord, fixed it around the neck of the statue of King Lad, on the outside of the building, and thus let myself down."
"I have it!" said the herald. "No honor! Lineally descended from King Lad! and his coat of arms will do for you. I wish many of our great men were as well descended."
A FEMALE COMRADE.
In Giles county, Tennessee, resides a widow lady, an invalid, who has not been able to stand upon her feet or walk a step in the last twenty years. About fifteen or sixteen years ago her husband died, leaving her a set of shoemaker's tools and a little farm with a big mortgage on it, and she borrowed money enough to buy a side of upper leather and a piece of sole leather, and, with only such knowledge of shoemaking as she had gained from binding shoes for her husband, she commenced to make shoes, and she has sat upon her bed from that time (some fifteen or sixteen years ago) to the present, with her shoemaker's bench beside her bed, and made and mended boots and shoes.
Mary Anderson will retire from the stage for three years to rest.

OUR POPULATION THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

The official figures of foreign immigration into the United States for the year 1881 present some facts, and fore-shadow the probability of others, that are really startling. The total number of immigrants that came into the United States in the year was 719,000. During the latter part of the year, and especially in December, this tide was about 54 per cent. greater than during the corresponding periods of 1880. The disturbed state of Europe, and especially in Germany, from which about one-third of our foreign immigrants come, makes it probable that the increase in 1882 over 1881 will be even greater than that of 1881 over 1880, and, consequently, that during the current year we shall receive considerably over 1,000,000 foreign immigrants.
When we consider that in this country the natural increase of population by the excess of births over deaths doubles the resident population in less than twenty-five years, it will be seen that it would require only about thirty years of the present influx of foreign population, together with their natural increase, to amount to a number equal to the total present population of the United States and Territories, or about 50,000,000. If to this we add the natural increase of the present population, at a rate of doubling every twenty-five years (which is even longer than it really requires), it would give a total population of not less than 160,000,000 in 1911.
When we think that it has taken 200 years for the accumulation of the present 50,000,000 of population in the United States, it seems at first almost incredible that within the lifetime of the great majority of men now living the population will be over three times as great as now; and yet it seems almost beyond question that this will be the case. Population increases with such enormous rapidity, not only in America, but in all parts of the globe, and especially where it has the fostering influence of civilization, that it is one of the great puzzles of human life to know what has thus far prevented every part of the world from being overcovered with human beings. In Europe, notwithstanding all the loss of life by wars and epidemics, and all the decrease of population by emigration, the increase is enormous. In 1830 the whole of Europe contained a little over 200,000,000 of people. The same territory now contains over 300,000,000, thus showing that the average doubling period of European population is about 100 years. England doubles her population about every fifty years, and Scotland in even a shorter period. The Continental countries all require a longer period. Spain, France, Belgium and Sweden require a longer period than the countries further east, owing probably to the fact that population is already so impacted on the western coast of Europe that the difficulty of obtaining subsistence checks the rapidity of the increase.
The history of the world shows no such great and persistent movement of population as that now in progress in this country, except that which overflowed from the North upon the Roman empire, nor can it be doubted that there are plenty of men now living who will witness as momentous results in the history of mankind from the present movement of population to America as were experienced from similar causes in the fifth and sixth centuries. These results, however, while quite as important, will necessarily be of a totally different character. Instead of a barbarian horde subverting an established civilization as then, it is the movement of an already-civilized and cultivated people into the hitherto-unpeopled regions in the center of the American continent, to create there, within the next half-century, cities and improvements, population and industry equal to that in the center of Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

DREAD DIPHTHERIA.

Important Suggestions as to Treatment and Removal of Causes of the Disease.
(From a Circular issued by the Massachusetts Board of Health.)
As diphtheria is a contagious disease, and, under certain circumstances, not entirely known, very highly so, it is important that all practicable means should be taken to separate the sick from the well. As it is also infectious, woolen clothes, carpets, hangings, etc., should be avoided in the sick-room, and only such materials used as can be readily washed.
All clothes, when removed from the patient, should at once be placed in hot water. Pocket handkerchiefs should be laid aside, and in their stead soft pieces of linen or cotton cloth should be used, and at once burned.
Disinfectants should always be placed in the vessel containing the expectoration, and may be used somewhat freely in the sick-room; those being especially useful which destroy lead acids without causing others (nitrate of lead, chloride of zinc, etc.).
In schools there should be special supervisions, as the disease is often so mild in its early stages as not to attract common attention; and no child should be allowed to attend school from an infected house, until allowed to do so by a competent physician.
In the case of young children all reasonable care should be used to prevent undue exposure to the cold.
Pure water for drinking should be used, avoiding contaminating sources of supply; ventilation should be insisted on, and local drainage must be carefully looked to. In country towns privies and cesspools should be frequently emptied and disinfected; slop water should not be allowed to soak into the surface of the earth near dwelling houses, and the cellars should be kept dry and sweet.
In all cities, especially in tidal districts, basins, baths, etc., as now connected with drains, should never communicate directly with sleeping-rooms.
In all cases of diphtheria fully as great care should be taken in disinfecting the sick-room, after use, as in scarlet fever.
After a death from diphtheria the clothing disused should be burned or exposed to nearly or quite a heat of boiling water; the body should be placed as early as practicable in the coffin, with disinfectants, and the coffin should be tightly closed.
Children, at least, and better adults also, in most cases, should not attend a funeral from a house from which a death from diphtheria has occurred. But, with suitable precautions, it is not necessary that the funeral should be private, provided the corpse be not in any way exposed.
Although it is not at present possible to remove at once all sources of epidemic disease, yet the frequent visitation of such disease, and especially its continued prevalence, may be taken as sufficient evidence of insanitary surroundings, and of sources of sickness to a certain extent preventable.
It should be distinctly understood that no amount of artificial "disinfection" can ever take the place of pure air, good water and proper drainage, which cannot be gained without prompt and efficient removal of all filth, whether from slaughter-houses, etc., public buildings, crowded tenements or private residences.
IGNORANT.
An amusing story, illustrative of the disadvantage of not knowing some things as well as others, is told of a philosopher. While crossing a lake in Scotland, he asked the boatman if he had ever studied mathematics.
"No," answered the boatman.
"Then half your life is lost," replied the philosopher.
A short time after a sudden gust from the mountain upset the boat.
"Can you swim?" shouted the boatman, as they both floundered in the water.
"No, I can't!" exclaimed the philosopher.
"Then the whole of your life is lost," responded the man, as he selfishly struck out for the shore, leaving the philosopher to his fate.
The disadvantage of not being acquainted with the practical is tragically illustrated by the fate of Condorcet, the French philosopher. He died because he did not know how many eggs should be put into an omelet.
At the breaking out of the revolution of '98, Condorcet, finding himself among those condemned to the guillotine, fled from Paris. Impelled by hunger, he entered a village inn and asked for an omelet. The philosopher was a man of almost universal information, but, unfortunately, he knew nothing of the composition of this simple dish.
"How many eggs would you like in your omelet?" asked the inn-keeper.
"A dozen," answered the ignorant philosopher, not knowing that he was ordering enough for three or four men.
The landlord's suspicions were aroused. A man asking for an omelet of a dozen eggs must be an aristocrat. The stranger's passport was demanded. He had none.
"Who are you?" demanded the host.
"I am a carpenter, seeking work," said Condorcet.
"Your hands give the lie to your words," replied the inn-keeper, pointing to his guest's delicate, clean hands.
The authorities were called in, who sent the philosopher to the jail. When, the next morning, the jailer opened the cell door, he found a corpse. Condorcet had escaped the guillotine by a dose of poison.—Youth's Companion.

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Which positively and permanently cures Impotency, (caused by excess of any kind.) Neurasthenia, and all diseases that follow a sequence of self-abuse, loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to consumption and a premature grave. Send for circular with testimonials free by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at \$1 per box, or six boxes for \$5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price, by addressing
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115 Adams Street, Toledo, Ohio.
Sole agent for the United States. (9-17-12)

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Having had this Hotel Refurnished and Refitted
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I intend to keep it in a Strictly First-Class Manner.
And leave nothing undone that will add to the COMFORT OF MY GUESTS.
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—Are offered—
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To patronize as I have every convenience such as NICE SAMPLE ROOMS, etc., for their use.
Baggage Transferred to and from the Depot free of charge.
Give me a call.
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For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of rheumatism and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuous pain of pain and inflammation impossible. It effects upon Human Flesh and the brute creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican Mustang Liniment is needed by somebody in every home. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn, subside of rheumatic joints restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this
LINIMENT
which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as
Rheumatism, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Toothache, Headache, Stings, Swellings, Old Sores, Eczema, Frost Bites, Sore Nipples, etc., and is a sure and speedy cure for all external ailments.
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Greencastle, Crawfordsville, Lafayette and Chicago without change.
TIME TABLE.
STATIONS. Daily. Daily.
Lvs. Louisville..... 7:40 p.m. 8:15 a.m.
Arr. Greencastle..... 1:01 a.m. 2:01 p.m.
Crawfordsville..... 2:05 a.m. 3:04 p.m.
Lafayette..... 3:15 a.m. 4:15 p.m.
Chicago..... 7:30 a.m. 8:30 p.m.
The most direct route, with only one change of cars, to all points in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, etc. For further information, address
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Hours ahead of all other lines.
4 Daily Trains, with no change of cars for any class of passengers.
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12 Hours QUICKER than Chicago Routes to Omaha.
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The O. & M. is the only line with 4 Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis, with connections in the Union Depot (at St. Louis) with Missouri Pacific Railway, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, Chicago & Alton Railroad, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, Rock Island & St. Louis Railroad, Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railroad, Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, St. Louis & San Francisco Railway.
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For tickets, rates, or any information, call on Ticket Agents of competing lines, or on Agents of the O. & M. (Please call at 150 Walnut st., 40 West Fourth st., Grand Hotel, or Depot for the Cincinnati Division.)
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The North, Northwest and West. In fact, if you make a trip in any direction, your interest will be best served by purchasing your ticket on K. C. and Cincinnati. 2 Trains each way a Pullman Palace Car equipped with the finest dining and sleeping cars, and handsomely furnished Pullman Parlor Cars, and the unequalled equipment of this Old Reliable, thereby making a trip over this route one of luxurious comfort and pleasure. Try it.
TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DEC. 31, 1932.
SOUTH.
No. 2. No. 4. No. 6.
Lvs. Covington..... 8:00 a.m. 2:30 p.m. 8:00 p.m.
Falmouth..... 9:45 a.m. 4:10 p.m. 9:15 p.m.
Cynthiana..... 10:50 a.m. 5:15 p.m. 10:10 p.m.
Paris..... 11:30 a.m. 6:00 p.m. 10:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington..... 12:10 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 11:10 p.m.
Lvs. Lexington..... 1:25 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Arr. Winchester..... 2:21 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 12:10 a.m.
" Mt. Sterling..... 3:01 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 12:45 a.m.
" Ashland..... 7:21 p.m.
" Huntington..... 8:05 p.m.
NORTH.
No. 3. No. 1. No. 5.
Lvs. Huntington..... 6:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 5:30 a.m.
" Ashland..... 11:38 a.m. 6:10 a.m.
" Mt. Sterling..... 12:12 p.m. 6:50 a.m.
" Winchester..... 1:10 p.m. 7:30 a.m.
Arr. Lexington..... 2:10 p.m. 8:45 a.m. 8:15 p.m.
Lvs. Lexington..... 2:10 p.m. 8:45 a.m. 8:15 p.m.
" Paris..... 3:05 p.m. 9:12 a.m. 9:15 a.m.
" Cynthiana..... 3:55 p.m. 10:02 a.m. 10:05 a.m.
Arr. Covington..... 4:45 p.m. 10:19 a.m. 10:20 p.m.
MAYSVILLE DIVISION.
No. 9. Lvs. Lexington 6:00 a.m. Arr. Mayville 10:00 a.m.
No. 10. Lvs. Mayville 6:00 a.m. Arr. Lexington 10:00 a.m.
No. 11. Lvs. Lexington 10:00 a.m. Arr. Mayville 12:00 p.m.
No. 12. Lvs. Mayville 12:00 p.m. Arr. Lexington 12:00 p.m.
No. 6 runs daily, and has day coaches from Cincinnati to Washington, Pullman Sleepers to Knoxville, Va., and Reeling Chair Car to Lexington. Stops only at stations on K. C. R. R. where time is given. No. 2 runs daily, except Sunday; has through coaches to Huntington, Lexington, and day coaches to Louisville. No. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843,